

VOLUME I.

FEBRUARY 8, 1883.

NUMBER 6.



~ Issued every Thursday ~

Ten Cents
a Copy.



Published at the Life Office - 1155 Broadway -
- New York.

Entered at NY Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

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"LIFE"

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Single Copies, 10 cents. Issued every Thursday.

Address,

Office of "LIFE," 1155 Broadway, N. Y.



VOL. I. FEBRUARY 8, 1883. NO. 6.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CONDUCTED BY

JOHN AMES MITCHELL AND EDWARD S. MARTIN.

ANDREW MILLER, Business Manager.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free.
Single copies, 10 cents.

THERE were a number of things strewed upon the floor—Malaga grapes, almonds, an orange or two, and divers champagne corks and bits of bread, not to speak of Dr. Percival Green and Augustus Wall, of Wall St. These gentlemen, stirred by a spirit of neatness, had discontinued the discussion of their dessert, in order that the floor might be wiped up. Each was willing to perform that office, but they deferred as to the details. Dr. Green thought that a fit instrument for him to use for such a purpose was Augustus Wall, of Wall St., whereas the broker believed that not with a new broom could he sweep cleaner than with Green, M. D.

The result was a Græco-Roman dispute, which was conducted with vigor enough to merit the exclusive attention of all present. Robert Budge, ranchman, of Boston, gave his mind to it—now encouraging the combatants, now straightening a leg or freeing a coat collar from a dangerous grip. A feebler interest was shown by Jasper Banks, journalist, of the *Morning Goad*, and David Hammet, Esq., of the Equitable Building. These gentlemen held themselves ready to preserve the peace if necessary and to see fair play.

But at the other end of the room, remote from the conflict, an Elderly Gentleman sat, talking to Mr. Lawrence Gobelin.

"There is nothing else in the world," he said, "nothing else that compares with it."

"Nothing?" echoed Mr. Gobelin.

"Nothing! It is the only thing in life that it really pays to get; it is the only thing that is 'filling at the price,' the one thing that satisfies; the one thing a wise man tries for."

"At the price!" exclaimed Mr. Gobelin, "Why sir, love is not to be bought. It may be beyond price; it may be worthless, but it is certainly not in the market."

"True," said the Elderly Gentleman, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar. "In one sense you cannot buy it for whatever price you may pay. You have no certain assurance that the article will be delivered; but

you cannot get it without paying for it. You cannot get anything worth having that I know of without paying for it in some way. But you can easily pay for love and not get it. That is as common as the measles." And the elderly gentleman smiled. "When I say pay for it, I don't mean pay in money. Of course there is no market where capital can be directly invested in love. Nor is it among the quotations that reel off from the 'ticker.' Nevertheless, the happiness that comes from love must be earned. You must get tired before your rest can give you pleasure; you must go hungry if you wish to enjoy being filled; and in like manner you must have cared long and exclusively for yourself and grown excessively tired of yourself in so doing, before you can fully appreciate the immense luxury of letting yourself go, and caring for other people."

At this juncture a convulsive movement of unusual violence by the wrestlers sent them rolling under the end of the table, and directly the clatter of breaking glass stopped the conversation and brought the talkers to the interesting end of the room. Seeing that the broker's good right arm had come through his coat sleeve, from the shoulder down, and that Dr. Green's shirt studs and necktie had swollen the sum of the *débris* already on the floor, Mr. Gobelin expressed strong disapproval of the proceedings.

"Why don't you separate those men," he cried, preparing to take his hands out of his pockets.

Mr. Budge, whom he addressed, had already sustained noticeable damage to his apparel in the effort to do just that very thing.

"Why don't you climb down and help," he retorted, indignantly. By a combined effort of the spectators, the combatants were induced to leave the floor unswept, and their raiment being in some degree rearranged seats at the table were resumed, and coffee ordered to be brought in.

"In my opinion," said Mr. Gobelin, taking up the thread of the conversation, the central point from which radiate all human pleasure is the human stomach. "No instrument of which I have knowledge is capable of more exquisite harmonies than that organ. When I am asked, or when I ask myself, 'Is life worth living?' I preface my reply with the inquiry, 'My friend; what can you digest?' And yet, sir," turning to the Elderly Gentleman, "you say that the mental vagaries produced by the passion of love are more transcendently ecstatic than any other emotions whatever!"

The Elderly Gentleman bowed affirmatively and sipped his coffee.

"You never got *your* verdict from a jury in a will case," said David Hammett.

"You never freed your mind in printer's ink and went home justified," said the journalist.



OUR ANGLOMANIAC, No. 2.

Why does he carry a hunting crop in the Park?

BECAUSE IN ENGLAND THEY CARRY HUNTING CROPS IN THE COUNTRY TO OPEN GATES.

"You never rode after hounds on Long Island," said a young man who was familiarly known as Aniseed Smith, though Mr. Ennis Sydney Smith was the name on his card.

"You never watched the ticker when your stock was going up," said the broker.

"You never——," began Mr. Budge, and hesitated. "There was that Baltimore girl two summers ago. Maybe he's right!" he sighed and was silent.

"All these things," said the elderly gentleman, "make you tired. Love rests you. They are all means to an end; not one of them is an end in itself. We eat that we may live, and live cheerfully. We watch the ticker, and we address the jury that we may make money and live comfortably. And if we are blessed with a long purse and a short neck, perhaps we ride after hounds, and get fame and an appetite and live contentedly. All these things are in the play, and we do them because we must live. But love is not a means of living. It is an end. We live that we may love, and find life satisfactory. And there is no other satisfactory reason for living.

"Here are the *petits verres*. Let us drink to St. Valentine, the patron of lovers."

PERHAPS the sweetest hour in the existence of a young, ambitious, and underpaid journalist is that when he succeeds in getting into the paper a paragraph which will make an esteemed contemporary assert that his editor-in-chief is a perjurer and a thief, and prove it, too.

THE SPENT ARROW.

A VALENTINE.

DAN Cupid, on a summer's day,
Stretched a new bow-string taut,
And whistling gaily on his way
Inviting targets sought.
The roses died in sweet despair,
Crushed by his chubby feet,
Until the hot and swooning air
Was filled with perfume sweet.

Full careless seemed his beaming eye,
But ever as he strayed,
Did little stinging missiles fly
At ev'ry man and maid,
Till high in air in wanton mirth
He sped his final dart,
And as it, falling, sought the earth,
It chanced to pierce my heart.

MUSIC.

The cultured wealth of haughty Cincinnati
Results from garnered porkers, tall and fatty.

MORAL.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The PEN is mightier than the sword.

LANGUAGE of the Flowers.—You
be blown.

DR. TALMAGE appears to think that
one of his kind is quite enough for
Brooklyn. And so do we.



Heaving complaints that letter-carriers have no uniform overcoat, and are not allowed, even in severe weather, to wear the top-coat of civil life, our artist has designed a costume, which, if protection from the weather is not essential, would be, he thinks, fit and effective for St. Valentine's Day.



A LOCAL APPLICATION.

Angelica Bellevue: "AND DO YOU LOOK SO MUCH LIKE YOUR BROTHER?"

Augustus Belletre: DROMIO OF EPHEBUS LOOKED NOT MORE LIKE DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Angelica Bellevue: I BEG YOUR PARDON, WHAT IS THE NAME OF YOUR FRIEND IN SYRACUSE? I HAVE A COUSIN IN SYRACUSE.

JUSTICE TO KEELEY.

IT is claimed by the critics of the Keeley Motor that it will not mote. This opinion, however just as regards the present price of its shares, is unfair toward the possible future of this bewildering application of an unknown chemico-dynamic force.

Scoffers predicted that Fulton would never get farther than the 42d Street Ferry with the "Clermont."

So great an authority as Chaucer said of Edward III.'s cannon, "It is all very well as a laboratory experiment, but in practice the safest place is in front of this machine, as it is bound to give way between the trunnions and the cascabel, and to knock the excelsior out of the gunners."

Look also at the obstacles met by Archimides in the introduction of his wheel. Ptolemy said caustically that a great deal more water was likely to get into the stock of the company than the wheel could ever pump out. Conon sarcastically said that he would like to see the books before he believed in an honest dividend.

General Washington openly stated his belief that Congress could not be run by gas alone. Alexander Hamilton based his whole theory of a representative government on a legislature which represented the people.

Popular belief, even when fortified by the opinions of eminent men, is no criterion of truth.

Had the Dutch who originally colonized Manhattan Island been told that within less than three centuries the verdant land-

scape about them would be undermined by a gigantic, restless, hidden force, capable of hurling men, vehicles, Belgian pavement and creosoted lamp-black into the air, they would have smiled with contemptuous incredulity at the silly tale of the power of a steam-heating company and a gang of explosive imported aldermen.

Let the consideration of these ideas teach us humility in our convictions.

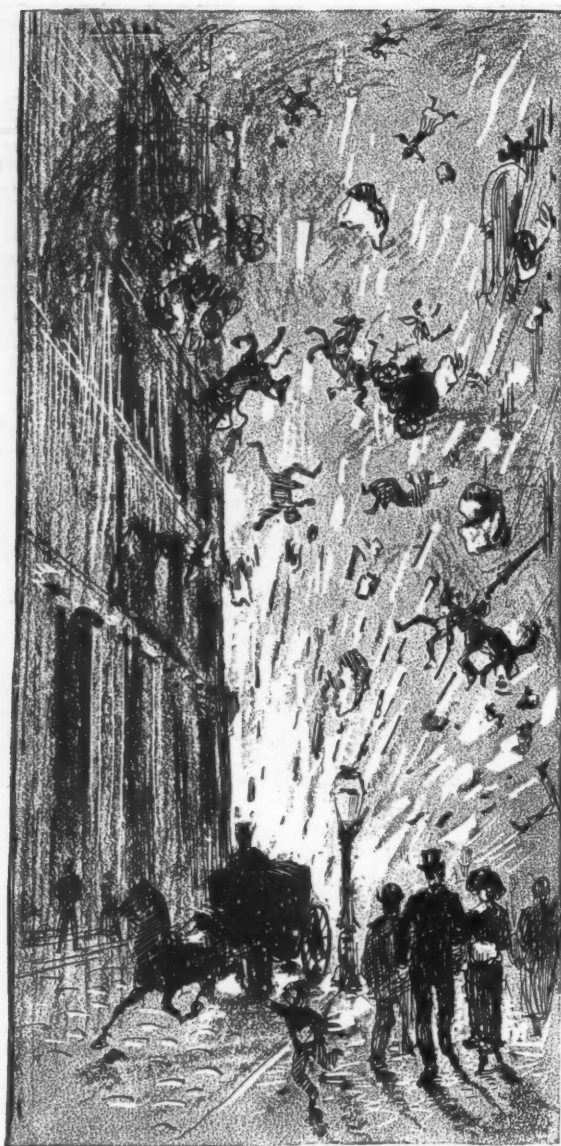
Perhaps the Keeley Motor may yet mote sweetly in our midst.

As it seems to have a terrific explosive force pent up within it, we go so far as to suggest that it might be liberal to Keeley, and perhaps beneficial to ourselves, to give free use of our streets for experiments. If the Motor should explode upwards, the telegraph wires would prevent the fall even of one sparrow—if the sparrows should keep above the electric labyrinth, and if the explosion should be downward it might haply blow the steam-heating pipes to a non-hazardous remoteness. A lateral explosion might, however, create much damage unless a safety-jacket of live aldermen and politicians were placed about the generator. This generation might thus "be greatly blessed and made cheerful" by a mere accident.

TAWA KOTO

ABSORBING A STATE.

MASSACHUSETTS takes away forty-five acres from Rhode Island by the adoption of the new boundary line.—*Ex.*



STREET SCENE IN NEW YORK.

A WEDDING is sometimes the funeral of ambition.

ONE way to give a man "a chance to rise in the world."—Knock him down.

LET us not try to comprehend Women or Eternity; but if we are determined to ponder on the one or on the other, and still retain our reason, then let us give Eternity the preference.

THE MACAULAYFLOWER PAPERS.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

CHAPTER IV.

THE unusual access of virtue attained by CONGRESS in the passage of the Civil Service Reform Bill, was followed by its natural result of nervous prostration and general debility. So lofty a conscience could not be used every day, without a wear and tear fatal to the delicate constitution of the politician of the period. In many, this extraordinary strain of backbone brought on a spinal complaint. There was a reaction of sadness. They felt that they had been positively too virtuous to be happy.

So, for several succeeding weeks, Congress did nothing in particular—and did it very ill. A spasmodic effort, backed by the galvanic impulse of a waiting people, was made to modify the tariff; but there were two smelting-furnaces in Pennsylvania which could not produce iron under \$22 a ton (owing to the fact that there was no ore in their vicinity), and it was felt that it would be highly unjust to these furnaces to suffer any one else to manufacture iron for less. In the course of this debate there was a painful scene between Senators MORGAN and DAWES; the Senator from Alabama asserting that "the paps of dear old New England were dry and exhausted," and the Senator from Massachusetts, naturally resenting any imputation upon the abilities of his native State as a wet-nurse. The House of Representatives toyed idly with the American Navy; but even this great subject, though offering a vast field for the imagination, failed to arouse it from its gloom. Alone Mr. HOLMAN, of Indiana, showed some spirit. Convinced that the most hostile power would never be desirous of invading Indiana, he saw no need for a navy at all. The moral force, the grandeur of fifty million industrious, intelligent and happy people, was (he said) a power infinitely above the splendid and costly tinsel of navies. But of this, anon. Mr. ROOSEVELT, in his History of the Naval War of 1912, has well described the bloody conflict which took place off Blackwell's Island, between the Spanish ram *Huascar* and the moral force of fifty million intelligent and happy people.

On January 25, Mr. Robinson, of the Empire State, rose to remove a little pyæmia from the beak of the American Eagle. His client was the "letter-writing class" which he called "an ass between two burdens," and their grievance the three-cent stamp. "*Ehen fugaces anni*," he said, "*high postage is immoral. I demand the penny postage in the name of American manhood. The poor but honest swain has to incur the risk of a seventy-five thousand dollar breach of promise suit, and commit his sentiments to the public post-card. Why compel our mothers and daughters to lay open the secrets of their hearts to every prurient eye? Why put a three-cent tax upon epistolary proposals, when Jay Gould's editorials and the organs of fashionable snobbery are carried for one? The vilest stuff that pollutes our mails*

is not so deleterious to our national vitality as the treasonable trumpetings of monarchy and snobbery with which some of these leading papers are filled, for whose circulation we tax the intellect of our country.* The representations of monarchy at this capital have been sending some of them home to show their leanings toward despotism."†

The next day Congress gave itself over to the contemplation of cinerary urns. The occasion was the departure of Senator HILL to that other and better world where, as the St. Louis editor remarked, all these things shall be made clear, and we shall shoot straighter. Senator INGALLS of Kansas made an instructive speech in blank verse, showing the limits of a Senator's omniscience. We select this, as being original, from the common-place book of cribbed poetry spouted on the occasion :

" BEN HILL
Has gone unto the undiscovered country.
Whether his journey thither was but one step—
Across a frontier imperceptible;
Or an interminable ocean, black,
Unfluctuating, voiceless, stretch between
These coasts, and that invisible,
We do not know——"

CHORUS (Congress) :—No ; we haven't any notion, any notion.

" Whether,
That August morning after death, he saw
In unimaginable splendor a sun rise,
More glorious, above celestial skies,
Or his unconscious apathetic ashes sleep,
In senseless, still oblivion, and obstruction cold,
We do not know——"

CHORUS (Congress) :—No ; we haven't any notion.

" Whether
His strong and subtle energies found instant exercise
in another forum ; or
His dexterous and disciplined faculties do now contend.
In a higher senate than ours for supremacy ;
Or his palestric powers, with parting breath,
Were dissipated and dispersed——"

PRESIDENT :—The question is on the adoption of the resolutions presented by the gentleman from Georgia. All those in favor—aye ? Adjourned.

" PEOPLE should provide for a Rainy Day," philosophically remarked the thoughtful club man, as he walked off with another member's umbrella.

It is to be hoped the politician who is accused of being ankle deep in the mire of corruption, isn't standing on his head meanwhile.

* i.e.—The N. Y. Herald, edited by an habitué of the salons of the British aristocracy. Mr. Robinson exaggerates when he says that the Herald taxed the intellect of the people.—T. B. M.

† The member from New York here referred to the Nation, a paper which then sought to curb the simple sports of a free people. Barring this kindly prejudice against homicide, the Nation was a good paper, and Unitarians still dispute whether it was, in truth, inspired by the Divine Omniscience, or only thought so.—T. B. M.



TARQUINIUS AND THE POPPIES.

TARQUINIUS Superbus, being desirous of taking and plundering a certain town, was about to lay siege to it, when he was waited upon by one of his partisans within the walls, who asked in what manner he could aid him. Tarquin for a reply led his visitor into the garden and with his cane struck off the heads of the tallest poppies there, accompanying the action with a haughty wink. The visitor instantly hastened to the capital where the Legislature was in session, and obtaining the necessary amendments to the charter, had the heads of all the obnoxious municipal officials taken off, and so secured for his patron the spoils of the town without incurring the expense and public scandal of a siege and sack.

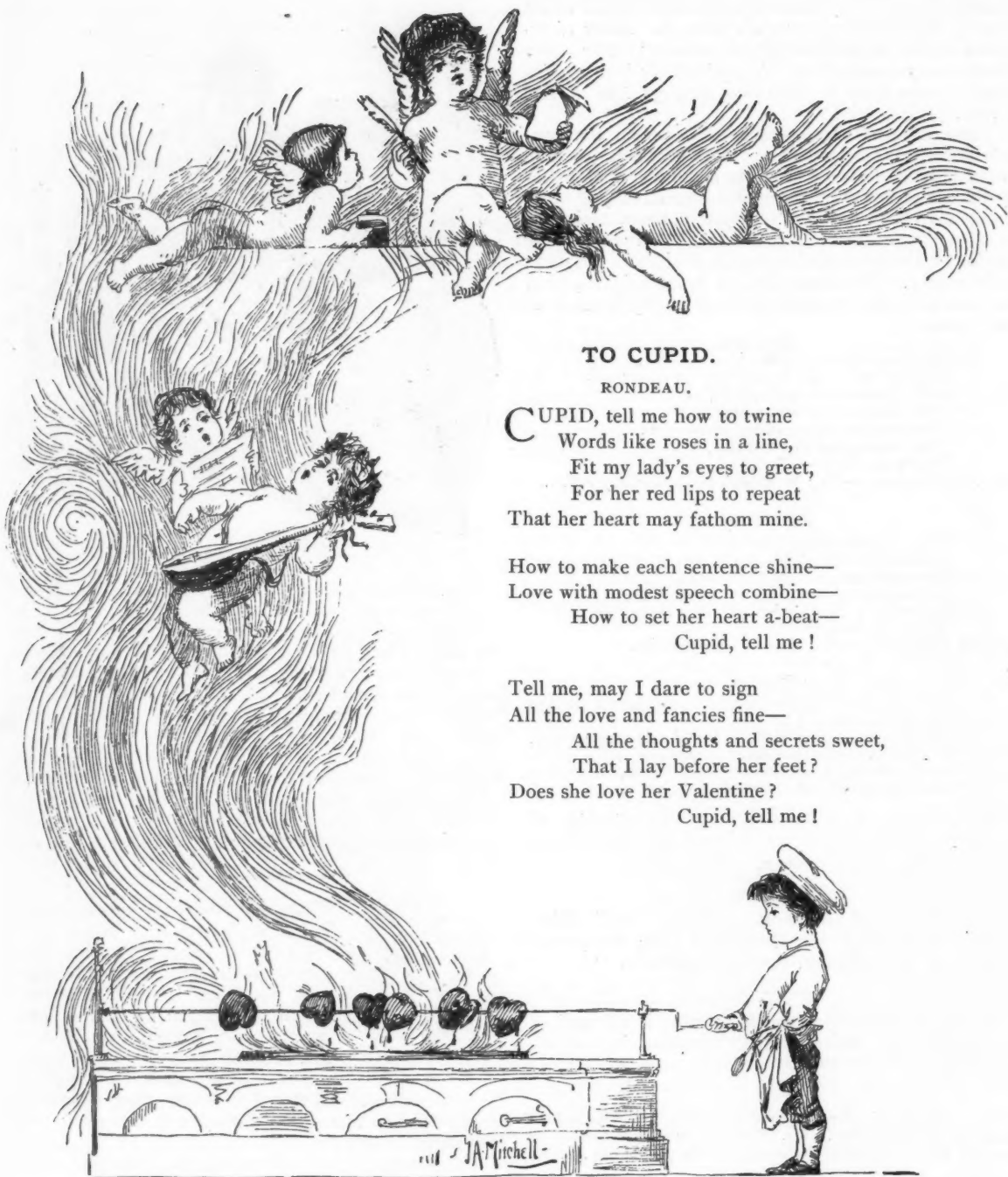


WISHING to have the unbiased opinion of a disinterested expert upon the tobacco habit, we called upon Mr. Levi Samuels. Before Mr. Samuels' door there is a colored wooden image, life size, of an Indian maiden. Owing to the formation of Mr. Samuels' nose he cannot turn it up, even if he wishes, but the greatest contempt was expressed in every other feature as he informed us that smoking could not hurt a baby unless carried to excess.

" And what do you call excess, Mr. Samuels ?"

" Well, smoking all the time."

POPE adapted (to the latitude of Wilkesbarre, Pa.)—
" All are but parts of one stupendous hole."



TO CUPID.

RONDEAU.

CUPID, tell me how to twine
 Words like roses in a line,
 Fit my lady's eyes to greet,
 For her red lips to repeat
 That her heart may fathom mine.

How to make each sentence shine—
 Love with modest speech combine—
 How to set her heart a-beat—
 Cupid, tell me !

Tell me, may I dare to sign
 All the love and fancies fine—
 All the thoughts and secrets sweet,
 That I lay before her feet ?
 Does she love her Valentine ?
 Cupid, tell me !

FEBRUARY 14th, 1883.



NOT FOR JONATHAN.

Uncle Sam to American Industry: WHAT! OUTGROWN THAT PROTECTION SUIT TARIFF MADE YOU DON'T COME TO ME FOR MORE CLOTHES. A GREAT FELLOW LIKE YOU OUGHT TO SHIFT FOR HIMSELF.



BALLADE OF BLAME.

MITRED and sainted and sung;
Posthumous martyrdom thine;

Is there a change yet unrun,
Is there unwritten a line,
Aught to restore or refine,
Aught to refurbish and brush,
On this, thy day, Valentine,
Sanctus of sandals and slush?

Saint, if the muse had a tongue
True in its audible sign
Unto her troublesome lung,
Unto her asthma—and mine,
Would you, immortal recline,
Drunk with a nectar of gush?
Say, would you canonized shine,
Sanctus of sandals and slush?

Cupidon's bow is unstrung,
Sopped with rain-water—divine
Venus, her votaries 'mong,
Shivers and shakes at her shrine.
Chill is each Paphian spine,
Tipped is each nose with a flush;
For thee a snow-wreath we twine,
Sanctus of sandals and slush.

L'ENVOI.

Bishops, your bench is benign,
Cleric abuses ye crush,
Straightway unfrock this malign
Sanctus of sandals and slush.

A. E. W.

THE *London Quarterly Review* asserts that "Mr. Henry James has done scant justice to his countrywomen."

That "there are Americans proud of their own descent from the old stock, who would be inclined to receive with much more coldness the credentials of Mr. James's 'race.'"

That "every situation in 'The American' is impossible," and "the plot is simply chaotic."

That "From beginning to end there is not a single incident in 'The Portrait of a Lady,' and 'If an earthquake swallowed up all the characters in the middle of the second volume, the reader would only be tempted to thank the fates for a good deliverance.'"

That "Imaginative literature in America had passed through a long and respectable life before the Boston Mutual Admiration Society was even heard of," and that

"If the American novel has reached its highest perfection in the works proceeding from that band of brothers, Americans will turn with joy from the prophets of realism to the old-fashioned novelists; and even in the last resort to Thackeray and Dickens."

Is the *London Quarterly* right in its surmises? Yes, IT IS BLIND RIGHT!

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

IT was the ranchman to himself regretfully that said,
The while he took his pensive way to lodging and to bed:

"Alas, that not to me severe necessity allows

To linger here, but makes me punch far Colorado's cows!

There was a time when sanguine youth,
With urban pleasures cloyed,
Peopled the West with vague delights,
That still might be enjoyed;
And bade me for a hut forsake my dinner
and my club,
And for a cowboy's slang exchange the
culture of the stub.

Ah me! I hate those long-haired kine;
I'd like to linger here
And with the boys consume my wine, and
gossip o'er my beer.
If men knew how *their* members ache
who fiery mustangs straddle,
They'd think, with me, that muttons
make the most alluring saddle.

Yet, should I stay, old age
that creeps with expeditious zeal
On men whose greatest joy
is in their thrice-receiving meal,
Would find me with lack
lustré eye and ruby-tinted nose,
Condemned to bear the
weight of years in aldermanic clothes.

Ah! why is gruesome all
that's good, and noxious
all that's gay?

Why must to-morrow track
so close the heels of poor
to-day?

Oh! Why did Eve the apple eat, and Adam, stupid oaf—
Partaking too, condemn his sons, at best, to half a loaf?



THE BRAND NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.



WILLIAM, THE BOSS.

I. T is told of William the Boss, who ruled New York of old, that he was wont to wander about the city, disguised as a man of fashion, to learn the condition of his people and to hear their comments on his government. On one occasion, the story runs, he fell into the hands of a "Drexel" of the time; but escaped with his life and his purse.

Next morning the inmates of the clubhouse into which he had been entrapped were summoned to his presence. When they recognized the potentate they threw themselves upon their faces. The great man looked at them with the inscrutable smile that gave his countenance so mysterious a beauty. "Unhappy men," said he, "you have suffered me to be treated with disrespect. But I forget not that you took me for a gentleman, and perchance you acted like true men according to your lights. Your fate lies with me. Before pronouncing upon it, I would fain know your stories. Let the proprietor of the clubhouse speak first."

The whole company trembled with apprehension, as a swarthy man, of severe countenance, arose, and bowed, and spoke:

The Story of the Indian Chiroprapist.

All-powerful-man, he began, I am the proprietor of the house which you deigned to honor with your presence.

In early life I was left an orphan; and my guardian, who was a very astute man, deemed that my life would be most profitable to myself and the world if I aspired to a rank above that in which I was born.

What was your birth? inquired the Boss.

My father, said the swarthy man, was a dealer in spirituous drinks. It is an honorable calling, but the prejudices of my guardian led him to believe that a learned profession was more honorable still. So I was sent to what is called a college, and after that to a medical school, where I devoted myself to the curriculum with laudable assiduity.

What does that mean? asked the Boss sternly.

I studied my level best, answered the swarthy man. I graduated with credit, he continued, and applied to my guardian for a statement of my accounts. He promised to give me one on the following day. But the next morning he was not, neither was my property. Thrown upon my professional resources, I hired an office and waited for patients. None came, in spite of the fact that I was provided with the best credentials. I endeavored to find some humbler employment; but I was informed that I had chosen my career, and that I was too old to begin a new one. My landlady lost patience—

Was she, too, a physician? asked the Boss.

She was not. She was a widow. She turned me out of doors and retained my trunk. I was about to put an end to my sorrows, when I was accosted by a man who asked me if I was up to snuff. I replied that I should smile. The result of our interview was that I took my stand behind a bar, and there mixed for such persons as he brought to me certain potations, in regard to which my science enabled me to assure him that a limited amount would deprive the drinkers of all self-control. I may add that this took place on an election day.

Was your friend a Coroner? asked the Boss.

He was. He still is.*

'Tis well, said the Boss, with his beautiful smile.

*A certain Coroner is said, by tradition, to have been a faithful henchman of the Boss.

In consequence of my services, continued the swarthy man, I received an appointment at the Quarantine Hospital. I believed my fortune made. But alas! the folly of youth is great! You must know that for each vaccination the doctors at Quarantine received a certain sum, to be expended in the purchase of virus. Now the virus of commerce was costly enough to swallow up the whole sum, so I thought it but just to myself to invent a new sort, which enabled me to economize my perquisites, and which caused as much discomfort as the real thing. But one fatal day a ship arrived, and declared that a member of the crew had died during the passage. Full of zeal, I thereupon vaccinated the whole ship's company, to the number of five hundred and fifty-seven. Of these, three men, a servant maid and a negro baby sickened and died. In spite of this absurdly small percentage of casualty, certain meddlesome philanthropists insisted upon investigating the case. And when it transpired that the member of the crew who had died during the passage had been lost overboard, my precautions for the preservation of the public health were declared excessive. Nay, those were not wanting who described them as *corrupt*.* I was cruelly discharged, and left once more at the mercy of the world.

As I entered the city with a sinking heart, I observed an elegant equipage drawn by six milk-white horses; and on inquiring to whom it belonged, I was informed that it was the property of



THE INDIAN CHIROPODIST.

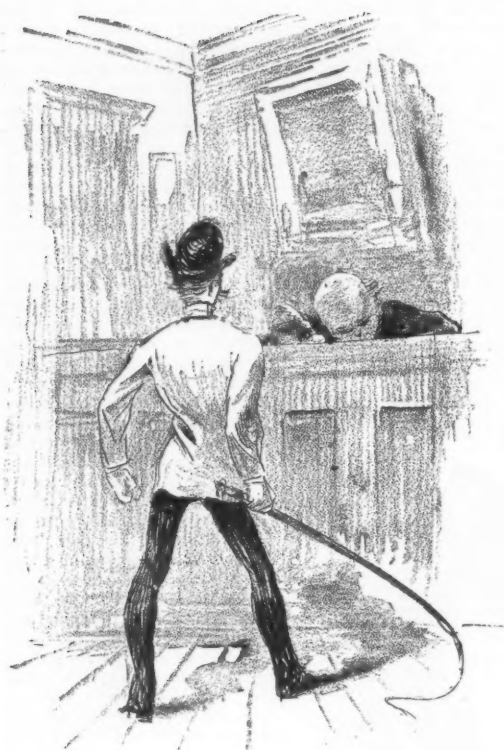
the great African doctor. Rumor said that like me he had vainly tried to practice medicine in the vulgar way, but that when he had blackened his face, and begun to sell drugs by the gross, he had prospered exceedingly. Go to, said I, I will do likewise. So, having darkened my complexion with a certain juice and allowed my hair, which is straight and black, to grow long, I boldly hired a suite of parlors in a conspicuous part of the city, and announced myself to the people of New York as the world-famed Indian Chiroprapist. From that moment the scale of my fortune turned. I know the secrets of half the pretty feet of Manhattan. I have operated on the landlady who retained my trunk. She now uses crutches. And, having entered into secret partnership with certain makers of shoes, I have been blest with a steadily increasing practice. So great has been my prosperity that, in spite of tastes which I cannot call frugal, I have saved money. And by way of combining a safe investment with the love of society for which I have always been renowned, I fitted up and opened the splendid club-house, in which I had the honor, which shall be my pride until my dying day, of receiving your august visit.

A STORY comes from a Maine village to the effect that when a kindly neighbor called on Mrs. Bluff and spoke of the sorrow she felt to hear of the loss of the youngest of Mrs. B.'s twelve daughters—"Wall," said Mrs. B., "I don't feel so terrible bad; fer't seems ter me more like a weedin' out of 'em."

CHOOSING HIS TIME.—A clever fellow being asked how he managed to sit out the five acts of a certain antique tragedy now being performed at a New York theatre, replied: "I came in and took my seat between every act, and smoked my cigar outside the rest of the time. First-rate orchestra, you know, and I enjoyed myself first-rate!"

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*A shibboleth of philanthropy. Philanthropy was a disorder formerly rife in America among people who had so few affairs of their own to look after that they busied themselves with the affairs of others.



THE INFLUENCE OF MATTER OVER MIND.

I HAVE COME TO HORSEWHIP THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER, SIR—WHERE WILL I FIND HIM?

I AM THE EDITOR, SIR. WON'T YOU PLEASE STEP INTO THE MAIN OFFICE WHERE YOU WILL HAVE MORE ROOM FOR IT?

PUTTING UP A JOB ON THOMAS JEFFERSON.

HERE is a tale that comes to us from Washington.

The late Thomas Jefferson, having neglected to make suitable provisions for the construction of a trophy over his bones, Congress lately took the matter in hand and passed a bill appropriating a sum of money for the decoration of the burial-place at Monticello, and for a monument.

The Chief of Engineers was entrusted to carry out the proposed improvements, and he directed an officer of his department to make suitable designs. This gentleman, after duly casting about in his mind, devised an iron fence of great beauty to enclose the lot, and then paused to consider what would be a proper stone.

Upon investigation he discovered that there was no design so prevalent over the departed as a cross; and seeking something further, and more especially commemorative of the individual, he got from a memoir of the second president the Jefferson coat of arms. Combining these two emblems, he produced a design of merit, which was favorably regarded by the head of his department, who submitted it for approval to the Secretary of State. Mr. Frelinghuysen viewed it only to admire, and, as a matter of courtesy, sent it to New York to be further approved by the owner of the Monticello property.

But this last gentleman happens to be of the Jewish faith and race, and when he observed the cross in the design, he packed his portmanteau, and went to Washington the shortest way.

"It is as distinctly a matter of history," he is reported to have said, "that Mr. Jefferson was *not* a Christian and that he *was* a democrat," and he proceeded to demonstrate the wonderful impropriety of the design that had been submitted.

But the Secretary of State is no chicken; and he knew what was due to Mr. Jefferson as a respectable gentleman. And accordingly we are informed that a cross and a coronet are to give an exemplary tone to Thomas Jefferson's grave.

In the list of vice-presidents of the late Cooper Institute meeting, we were surprised not to find the name of an eminent protectionist, whose specialty is *self*-protection and whose able discourse on that subject before Justice Gardner was widely published in the newspapers.

How was it that the venerable Peter Cooper was not supported by Mr. James Mace?

THERE is seldom a dispute so great that a table-cloth will not cover it.

THE Ottoman Empire is supposed to be so called for being so frequently sat upon.



THE SILVER KING is a melodrama, with a motive and one strong situation, and about all that can be said in its favor is that the motive is not solely the exhibition of novel scenic effects, and that the situation does not depend for its success on stage carpentry and elaborate mechanism. For the authors seem to have been so delighted with their one situation as to be willing to fill up the rest of the play with commonplace dialogue and trivial expedients. Fortunately for the play, it is in strong hands. Tearle, whatever captious critics may say, acts with force and judgment, although badly handicapped by the low comedy part in the fourth act. Rose Coghlan always enlists the sympathies of the audience. Gilbert met with an ovation on the first night, and so did the scene painter.

SERGE PANINE did not pan out to the eminent satisfaction of Mr. Daly and has already been taken off. Mr. Serge Panine is a young gentleman, who dares to stand up against his mother-in-law, and gets shot in the last act. The only wonder is that it didn't kill him before. He also does other things that are not nice; gambles away his wife's fortune, makes love to his friend's wife, and engages in vast swindling schemes. And this sinister, cynical, penny-dreadful part was given to John Drew, a clever young actor, who struggled hard with his lines, but failed to draw. With such erratic ideas of casting his company, it's a wonder Mr. Daly has not foundered long ago.

THE Wisdom of Solomon, the efforts of Stephen, the combined exertions of the Cast, and the energy of McCaull, have all failed to work up a success for VIRGINIA, which is already beginning to pall on the bijou audiences that find themselves nightly in the Bijou Opera House.

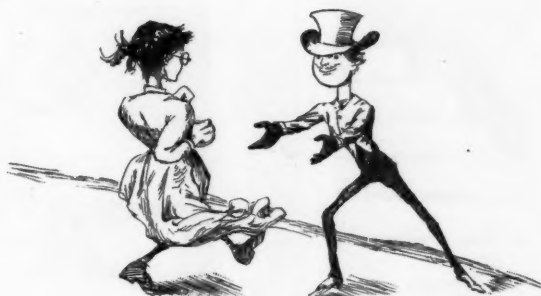
ANNIE PIXLEY has been rollicking through two weeks of "M'liss," at the Grand Opera House, and on Monday *debuted* in a new play, "Zara." Zara turns out to be M'liss, with a change of scene and costume. There is no particular reason why one play should not be as successful as the other.

"THE QUEEN'S LACE HANDKERCHIEF" still waves at the Casino. On Friday a souvenir of a lace handkerchief was given to each lady, to celebrate the rooth performance of the opera—not consecutive, nor in New York, however.

THERE is a promise of much music not down in the score, when McCaull, at the Bijou, and Duff, at the Standard, bring out their rival version of "Heart and Hand." As Carleton, Duff's prize plum, comes to the Bijou, it looks as if the latter would have to sing for his baritone.

POINTDEXTER NIBBS.

SUGGESTED solution of the boating difficulties between Harvard and Yale:—A modified form of trial by combat, viz.: that eight men from each college row a boat race.



JAMES ALBERT ADONIS VAN SLIM
Loved Sappho Jerusha McKim;
He rushed to repeat
At his fair idol's feet
The thoughts she inspired in him.



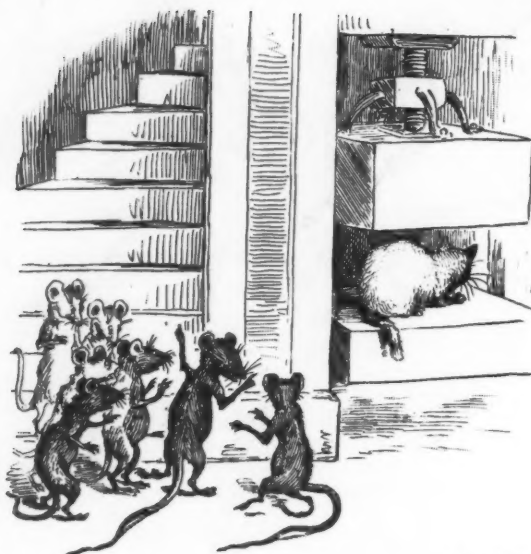
But he told his affection so ill,
That she thought he had come with a bill.
He took her by surprise,
She took him 'twixt the eyes—
He'll return when the days are less chill.

THE death of Gustave Doré reminds us of a story that we once heard. It may not be true,—but truth is the last thing we demand in stories. Indeed, as a young woman, aged four, endeavored to explain to us the other day, to speak of a true story is to contradict yourself in terms.

A clever American was at a great public dinner in London. Next to him sat a small Frenchman, who chatted away with true Gallic vivacity. Towards the end of the evening, the conversation turned upon William Blake, whom the American admired to a degree which the Frenchman thought excessive. A flood of minute criticism poured out then; and at last came the grand climax—"Enfin, Monsieur, c'était un Doré manqué." Having delivered himself of this opinion, the Frenchman arose and bowed, and went out of the room.

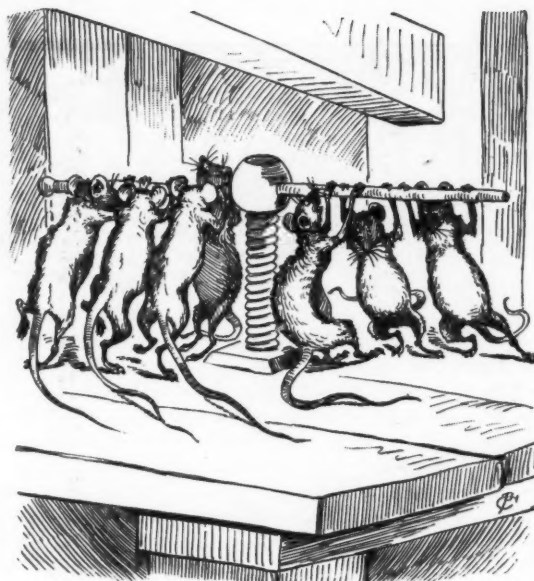
"Who was my friend?" asked the American of his remaining neighbors.

"Gustave Doré," was the answer.



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DESIGN.



EXECUTION.

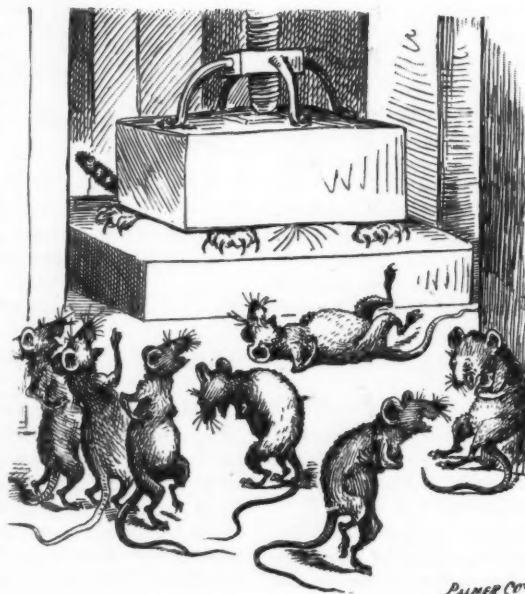
Now that quinine is to be placed upon the free list, it is a good time for the *World* to cease using V and V in connection with the editor of the *Times*.

AND for Mr. Bergh to go to Florida, and let Mace and the Maori dispute in New York.

AND for the *Springfield Republican* to observe that all is not brass that shines.

AND for the *Evening Post* to regard less sternly the frequent Southern Homicide.

AND for *The Sun* to hope that the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* will choose happier themes for its poems.



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HE who can make the best bargain is the greatest Statesman.

A FEW in a church is a good business investment.

A CLEAR brain is of little practical value without an elastic conscience.

L. C. E.

ONE FOR HOMŒOPATHY.

APROPOS of the "War of the Pathies," it is stated that a party of American gentlemen recently made the ascent of Mount Vesuvius, and, while standing upon the very brink of the crater, were startled by a sudden violent agitation of the mountain, presaging an immediate eruption. In a moment more the spot upon which they stood might be swept by a

torrent of burning lava! What was to be done? Retreat was useless, for the fiery flood would be sure to overtake and overwhelm them! Among the party was Dr. Belladonna, of New Jersey, who proved himself equal to the emergency. Bravely taking from his pocket a little vial of aconite pills, he dropped them, one after another into the mouth of the crater. In a few moments the agitation ceased, and since that time the mountain has been as silent as the grave!

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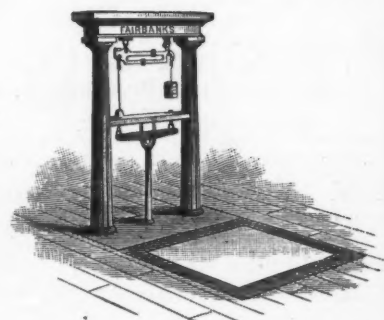
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